

WEIRD

Thrillers

TITLE - DIVISION
OMIC GROUP

10c
No. 2
WINTER

ANC

Tyrant of the
Upper Regions
**THE FISHERMAN
OF SPACE**

All the World Had
Perished Except
THE LAST MAN

★
Death Struck Twice
THE CYCLE OF TIME



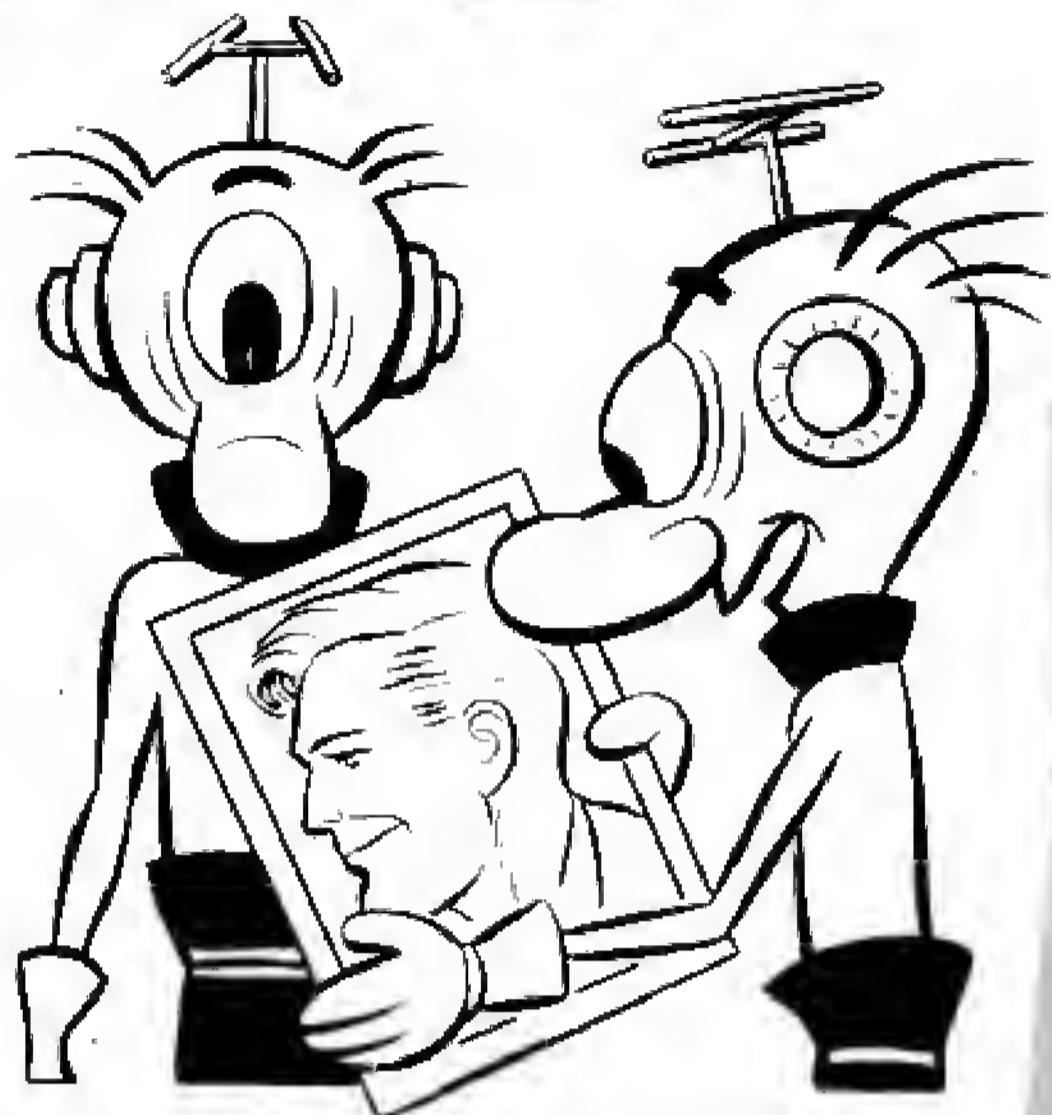
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WEIRD WORLDS



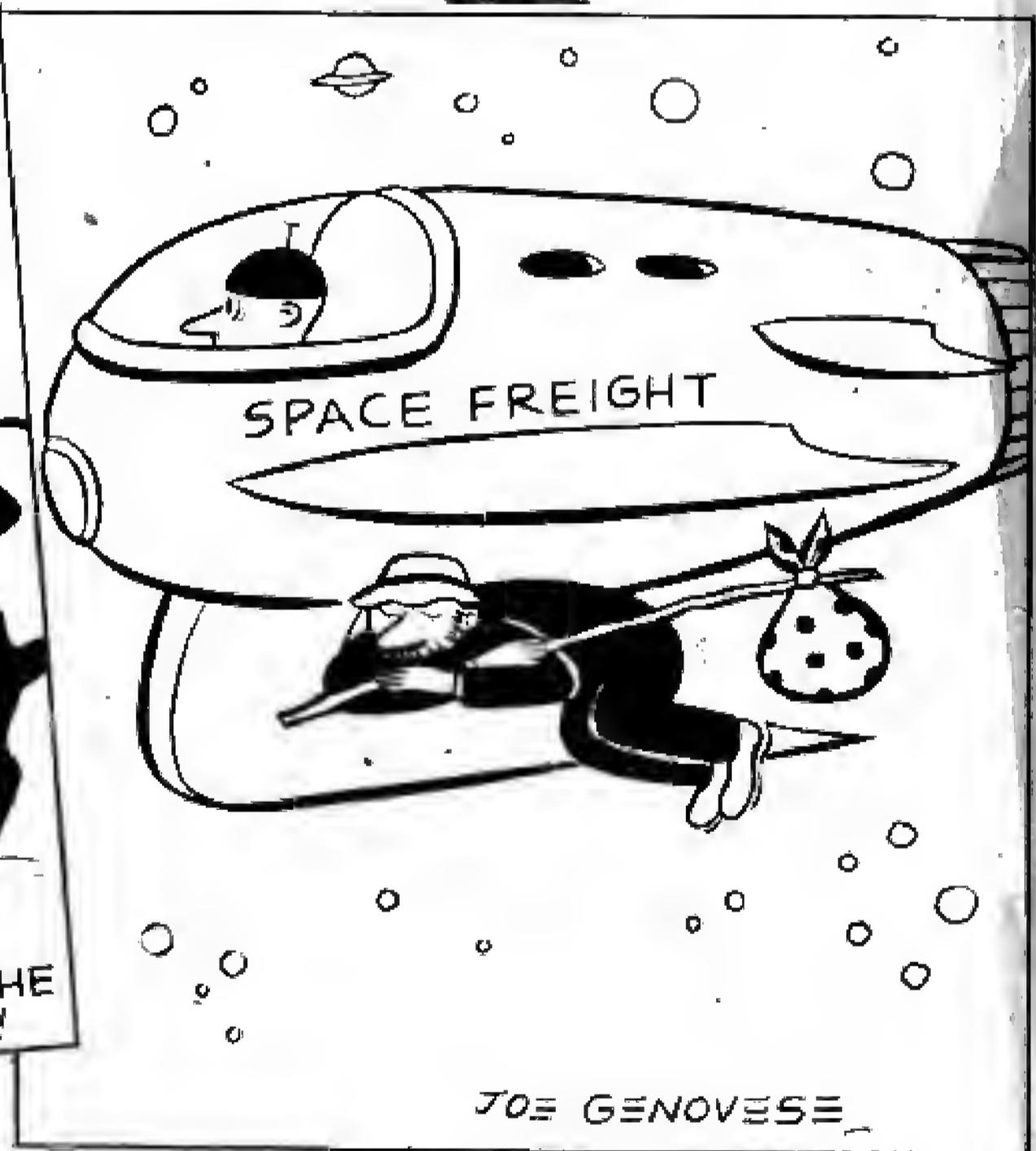
"BUT OFFICER, I WAS
ONLY DOING 25,000!"



"GAD, BUT THOSE EARTHLINGS ARE
UGLY!"



WE TRAVELED
238,000 MILES FOR NOTHING--THE
MOON ISN'T MADE OF CHEESE!



JOE GENOVESE

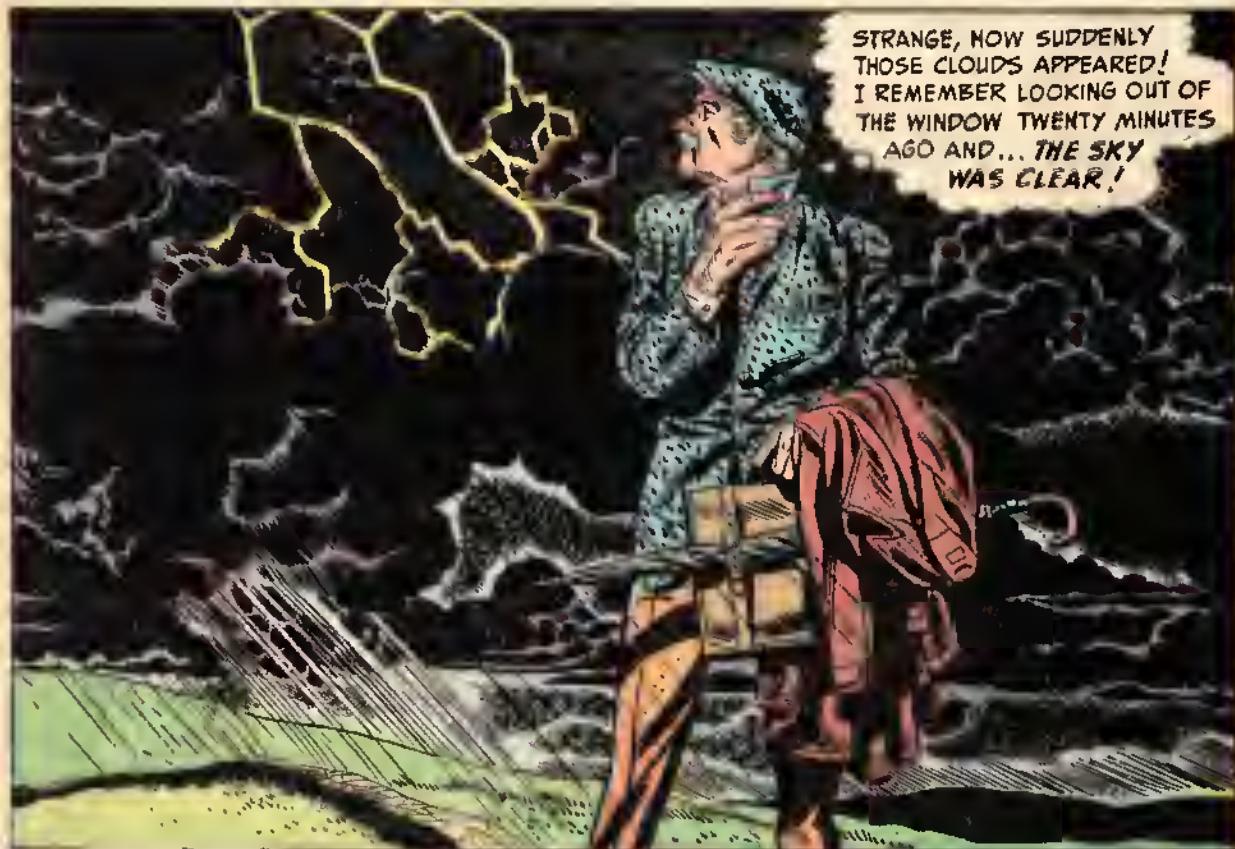
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The FISHERMAN of SPACE

OUR STORY OPENS IN ROCKSBIDGE, ENGLAND, A SMALL RURAL COMMUNITY NOT FAR FROM DOVER. SIR CYRIL BENTLEY, A LEADING BRITISH PHYSICIST, HAS BEEN WORKING LATE IN HIS LABORATORY. NOW HE IS FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF GETTING HOME BEFORE THE THREATENING STORM-CLOUDS UNLEASH A TORMENT OF RAIN...



STRANGE, HOW SUDDENLY
THOSE CLOUDS APPEARED!
I REMEMBER LOOKING OUT OF
THE WINDOW TWENTY MINUTES
AGO AND... THE SKY
WAS CLEAR!

SO BENTLEY TRUDGES THE HALF-MILE TOWARD HIS HOME. SUDDENLY, AN UGLY AND TERRIFYING VISAGE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS!



NEAVENS, WHAT'S
THAT? I-NO! IT
CAN'T BE! THAT
NET! HELP!
HELP!



SUDDENLY THE FOLDS OF THE NET
ENCIRCLE BENTLEY! HE FIGHTS
DESPERATELY AS HE IS LIFTED
HIGH INTO SPACE, HIS SCREAMS
LOST AMID THE DEAFENING FURY
OF THE THUNDER.



WITHIN A FEW HOURS, INSPECTOR CLIVE HAVERSHAM OF SCOTLAND YARD AND AN ASSISTANT ARE ON THE SCENE, INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE RENOWNED SCIENTIST...

... HIS HOUSEKEEPER SAYS HE PHONED HER FROM THE LABORATORY AT 2 A.M., AND SAID HE'D BE HOME SHORTLY!

WELL, FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, HE NEVER GOT PAST THIS POINT!

PERKINS, HAVE YOU NOTICED A STRANGE SMELL IN THE AIR? IT'S OZONE - "BURNT" AIR! ORDINARY OXYGEN SMELLS LIKE THAT WHEN AN ELECTRIC SPARK PASSES THROUGH IT!

THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE, SIR! THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC STORM IN THIS AREA LAST NIGHT!

YES, BUT THE ODOR IS TOO STRONG FOR MERELY ONE LIGHTNING BOLT! AND IT'S LASTED TOO LONG!

BY GEORGE, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SIR! AND THE ODOR IS ONLY IN THIS ONE SPOT!

YES... COME ON, PERKINS, WE'RE GOING BACK TO LONDON! THERE'S NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR US TO BE DETAINED HERE... AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO CHECK IN MY HOME LIBRARY!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

I WAS **RIGHT**! I KNEW I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT THIS BEFORE! BUT I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU — THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT IS... **FRIGHTENING**!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIRE?

HERE IS AN ACCOUNT FROM ANCIENT GREEK WRITINGS — ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE **DISAPPEARING INTO THIN AIR**! THE GREEKS THOUGHT THAT THE GOD ZEUS CAME DOWN TO EARTH TO TAKE SOME FAMOUS MORTAL UP TO MOUNT OLYMPUS! AND THESE MEN ALL DISAPPEARED DURING STORMS!

HERE'S ANOTHER ACCOUNT FROM THE MIDDLE AGES! SAME SITUATION — BUT **HERE** THE PEOPLE BELIEVED IT WAS THE **DEVIL** WHO SNATCHED UP THE FAMOUS MEN — BECAUSE OF THE SMELL OF "**FIRE AND BRIMESTONE**" THAT ALWAYS CLUNG TO THE AREA AFTERWARD. PERKINS — IT ALL ADDS UP!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIR CYRIL -

PERKINS, THERE ARE WEIRD AND POWERFUL FORCES AT WORK IN THIS WORLD, AND A MAN IS A FOOL TO EITHER DENY OR IGNORE THEM. I TELL YOU THIS WAS NOT AN ORDINARY KIDNAPPING!

DON'T YOU SEE? A SUDDEN STORM - A FAMOUS MAN VANISHES INTO SPACE!! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE STRONG, UNNATURAL ODOR OF OZONE! THE PATTERN'S COMPLETE! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE - AND NEITHER THE MEN OR THEIR BODIES WERE EVER SEEN AGAIN!

WELL, I MUST MOVE ON! I'VE A REPORT TO FILE AT THE YARD! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO, PERKINS! STAY HERE - WE'LL DISCUSS THE CASE FURTHER WHEN I RETURN!

RIGHTO, INSPECTOR!

A HALF HOUR LATER AS INSPECTOR HAVERSHAM CROSSES WATERLOO BRIDGE...

DRAT THE LUCK! IT'S GETTING SO DARK - LOOKS LIKE A BAD STORM IS BREWING!

EXCUSE ME, SIR! I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY BEARINGS! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL?



CERTAINLY! I SAY - I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU'RE JACK BARLOW, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JAVELIN THROWER, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE -- LOOK!!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIBLE SHAPE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS - AND THE NET IS CAST ONCE MORE...

WHA - ?! GREAT NO! HELP! SCOTT!!! HELP!!

ALL RIGHT, "FISHERMAN"! LIFT AWAY! I'LL WAGER YOU NEVER PICKED UP A HITCH-HIKER BEFORE!



HANGING GRIMLY TO THE NET,
HAVERSHAM IS HOISTED UP UP...
INTO THE SWIRLING MIST! THEN
HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...



WHEN HE REVIVES, HE IS
LYING ON A CORAL SURFACE -
NEAR THE AMERICAN ATHLETE...

HELLO, THERE! I THOUGHT FOR
A MOMENT YOU WERE DEAD!
WE TOOK A PRETTY BAD
FALL WHEN THAT... THING...
SHOOK US OUT OF THE NET!



WELL, IF THIS
IS OLYMPUS,
THEN I'M A
SADLY
DISILLUSIONED
MAN!

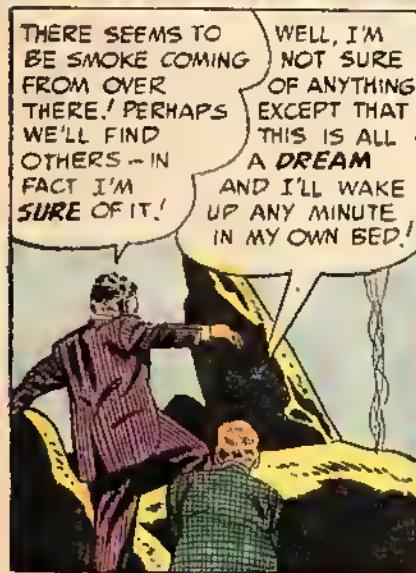
OLYMPUS?
HARDLY. IT
SEEMS TO BE
MORE OF A
TROPICAL
ISLAND - BUT A
STRANGE ONE.
LOOK AT THOSE
BLACK CLOUDS
SURROUNDING
US ON ALL
SIDES!



THERE SEEMS TO
BE SMOKE COMING
FROM OVER
THERE! PERHAPS
WE'LL FIND
OTHERS - IN
FACT I'M
SURE OF IT!

WELL, I'M
NOT SURE
OF ANYTHING -
EXCEPT THAT
THIS IS ALL
A DREAM
AND I'LL WAKE
UP ANY MINUTE
IN MY OWN BED!

I WISH IT WERE AS SIMPLE
AS THAT - BUT I'M AFRAID
IT'S NOT! OH, HERE WE ARE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT - THERE
ARE OTHERS! COME ON,
LET'S GO DOWN AND MEET
THEM - WHOEVER THEY ARE!



WELL, THERE
THEY ARE!
FANTASTIC,
ISN'T IT?

NO, THIS CAN'T
BE A DREAM -
IT'S TOO
HORRIBLY
REAL!



WELCOME - LATEST VICTIMS!
WELCOME TO THE ISLAND
OF LOST SOULS!



I BEG YOUR PARDON -
BUT YOU'RE SIR
CYRIL BENTLEY, AREN'T
YOU? I KNEW I'D
FIND YOU HERE!

WELL, HOW DO YOU
DO, SIR! YOU'RE AN
ENGLISHMAN, OBVIOUSLY,
AND FROM MY OWN
PERIOD. HAPPY TO
SEE YOU!

AS A MATTER OF FACT
I'M FROM SCOTLAND
YARD! I WAS
INVESTIGATING YOUR
DISAPPEARANCE WHEN
I RAN INTO... THE
FISHERMAN. SO
HERE I AM.

SO IT'S TRUE THAT
SCOTLAND YARD
ALWAYS DOES FIND
ITS MAN! BUT IT
SEEMS YOU'VE GONE
TO EXTREMES, EH?

YOU SEEM TO
BE TAKING THIS... FELLOW,
"ADVENTURE"
CALMLY, IF I
MAY SAY SO, DO?
IS THERE TO
STAY ON THIS
ISLAND FOREVER,
NEVER TO DIE...
NEVER TO GROW
OLD... PRISONER
SUBJECTS OF THE
FISHERMAN OF
SPACE!

YOU SEE, THE FISHERMAN IS A
FREAK OF NATURE, A CREATURE
OF THE SWIRLING GASSES OF
SPACE. HE WAS CREATED
ACCIDENTALLY DURING PRE-
HISTORIC TIMES. THIS ISLAND,
TOO, IS AN UNNATURAL ONE,
SURROUNDED BY A CONTINUOUS
STORM CENTER THAT SOMEHOW
CREATED AN IMMORTAL ZONE.
NOTHING HERE NEVER DIES!

THE OTHERS TELL ME THE
MONSTER IS VERY SENSITIVE
ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE!
BECOMING BORED WITH HIS
MISERABLE IMMORTALITY, HE
LONG AGO STARTED SNATCHING
THE LEADING BRAINS AND
BRAWN OF EACH PERIOD OF
HISTORY TO SERVE AS HIS
SUBJECTS ON THIS
DEATHLESS ISLE!

AND THERE IS
NO POSSIBLE
WAY TO GET
OFF THE
ISLAND!

NONE. BELIEVE ME, I HAVE
LOOKED. THE SWIRLING STORM
THAT CONSTANTLY SURROUNDS
THE ISLAND CREATES A SUCTION.
NO BOAT COULD GET THROUGH. IN
FACT MANY BOATS FROM
OUTSIDE HAVE BEEN SUCKED
IN AND DASHED TO BITS
AGAINST THE REEF!

THE FISHERMAN LIVES
IN THE CENTER OF THE
VOLCANO, IN THE HOT
GASSES OF THE CRATER.
HE ONLY EMERGES TO
GET OTHER..."SUBJECTS."

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT
AN IDEA, SIR CYRIL!
YOU MENTIONED
SMASHED SHIPS.
PERHAPS WE
COULD FIND A
USABLE RADIO
AMONG THEM!

NO! I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT WE COULD NEVER GET A RADIO SIGNAL THROUGH THOSE CLOUDS AROUND THE ISLAND.

TOO MUCH STATIC ELECTRICITY! PERHAPS - BUT WE COULD SEND SIGNALS OVER THEM - IF WE RAN AN AERIAL UP THE SIDE OF THAT VOLCANO! COME ON!

A SMASHED PT BOAT SUPPLIES THEM WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT THEY NEED. THEN...

LATER...

GOOD THROW! THAT DID IT! THE SPAR IS STUCK IN THE VOLCANIC ASH. THIS AERIAL MIGHT DO THE TRICK AT THAT! TRY IT!

RIGHT! HERE GOES!

SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY, A SMALL ISLAND IS BEING READIED FOR ATOMIC BOMB TESTS. SUDDENLY A RADIODIAN INTERRUPTS THE PLANNING...

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WE'VE PICKED UP A WEAK SIGNAL! A DISTRESS SIGNAL ... AND A QUEER ONE, SIR!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SECRET ISLAND OF LOST SOULS IS OUT...

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NO HOAX! I KNOW SIR CYRIL BENTLEY PERSONALLY - AND THAT IS DEFINITELY HIM. I KNOW IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT THIS FISHERMAN OF SPACE DOES EXIST AND MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU MEAN WITH THE ATOMIC BOMBS?

AND DRY ICE... YES, SIR!

NO, THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! REMEMBER OUR PEOPLE ARE ALL PRISONERS ON THAT ISLAND. THERE IS ANOTHER WAY, THOUGH. HAVE TWO BOMBERS READIED IMMEDIATELY, AND FILL THE BOMB BAYS WITH SODIUM IODIDE...

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE BOMBERS LIFT GRACEFULLY FROM THE RUNWAY...

I HOPE YOUR ESTIMATE OF THE MONSTER'S CHEMICAL COMPOSITION IS CORRECT, DR. CRANDELL!

IT'S A LONG CHANCE - BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!

IT WAS A FANTASTIC STROKE OF LUCK TO REACH MY COLLEAGUE, DR. CRANDELL. HE HAS A BOLD PLAN—BUT IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!

IF IT DOESN'T THE FISHERMAN WILL BE FURIOUS! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE MONSTER MAY DO!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES...

PILOT TO BOMBARDIER!
OKAY, GERRY! THERE'S YOUR TARGET! DROP THAT DRY ICE!

BUT THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE HAS HEARD THE PLANES, AND FURIOUS, SWIRLS UPWARD TO CATCH THEM IN HIS NET...



SUDDENLY, HE RUNS INTO THE SWIRL OF SNOW-LIKE CHEMICALS, FROM THE PLANES ABOVE HIM!



THIS IS FANTASTIC! NOW EVEN THE SURROUNDING CLOUDS HAVE CAUGHT THE CONDENSATION! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SIMPLE! THIS IS SCIENTIFIC RAIN, PRODUCED ON A HIGH LEVEL! THE DRY ICE COOLS THE CLOUDS SUDDENLY... THE MOISTURE CONDENSES... AND IT RAINS! THE FISHERMAN IS MADE OF CLOUDS! HE'S RAINING HIMSELF TO DESTRUCTION!



IN A FEW MINUTES—IT IS ALL OVER! THE STORMS THAT SURROUNDED THE ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE ARE ALL GONE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MEN OF THE OTHER AGES?

WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS DISAPPEARED, THE ISLAND RETURNED TO NORMAL. THOSE WHO LIVED ON "BORROWED TIME" HAVE GONE TO DUST... AND TO THEIR FINAL PEACE. IT TOOK A TRICK OF MODERN SCIENCE TO FINISH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE. OH, HERE COMES OUR RESCUE PARTY!

THE END

The LAST MAN

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, THE HUMAN RACE SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE PLANETS AND STARS, COLONIZING AND INHABITING ALL THE WORLDS OF THE ENTIRE MILKY WAY GALAXY! BUT WHAT MENACE FROM OUTER SPACE SUDDENLY STRIKES THIS FARFLUNG EMPIRE OF EARTH? WHY DOES ONLY ACHING SILENCE GREET DAN VICKERSON? AND WHAT MONSTROUS MOCKERY OF THE UNIVERSE IS IT THAT MAKES HIM...

The LAST MAN?

HERE LIES
THE
LAST
MAN!



IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, A STRANGE MECHANICAL MONSTER CHUGS ITS WAY THROUGH THE FANTASTIC REACHES OF THE SEA BOTTOM!



JUNE
10,
2994

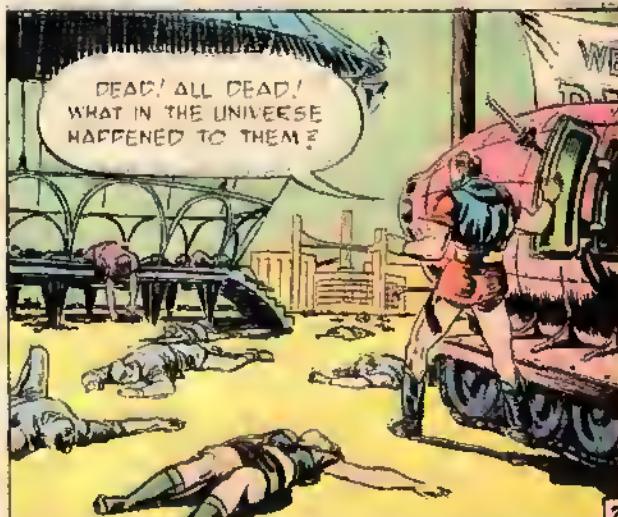


THE PILOT OF THIS ODD MACHINE IS DAN VICKERSON, MARINE EXPLORER.

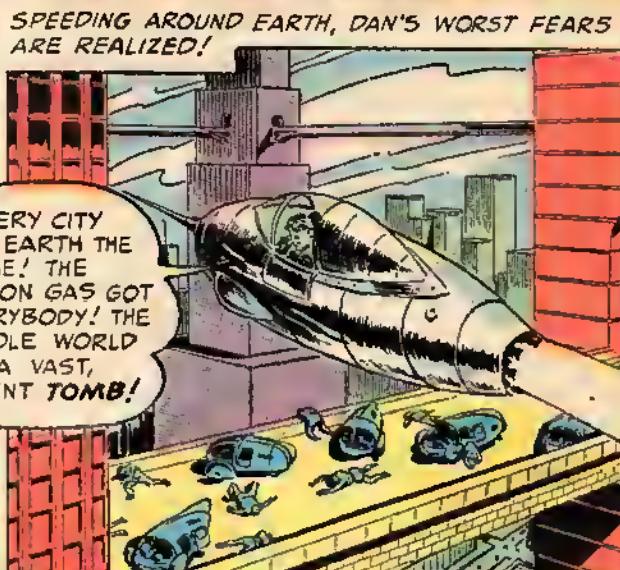
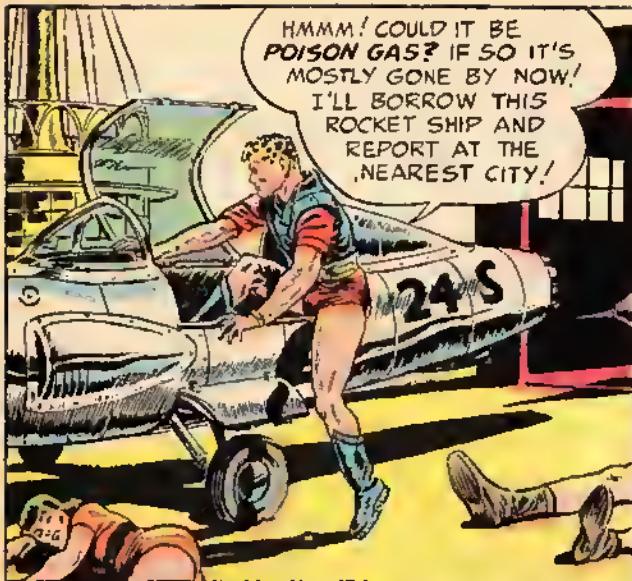
SUDDENLY...



THE UNDERSEA EXPLORER TAKES SUCH HAZARDS IN HIS STRIDE. SOON AFTER, HOWEVER, HE BECOMES AWARE OF THE FIRST OMINOUS INKLING OF A GRIM MYSTERY!



YES, A RECEPTION AWAITS THE MARINE COLUMBUS... A VERY STRANGE RECEPTION!

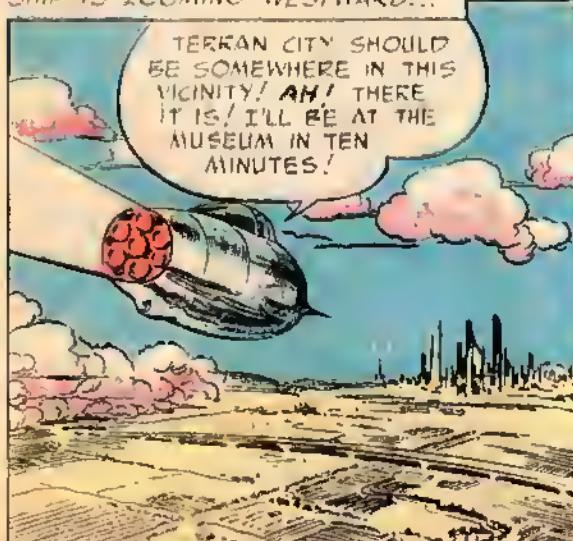


HELLO! HELLO! THIS IS DAN VICKERSON!
ISN'T ANYBODY ELSE ALIVE? PLEASE
ANSWER... PLEASE... PLEASE!!

AN ETERNITY OF SILENCE PASSES, THEN THE
FINAL FEARFUL TRUTH BLASTS OVER HIM!



MINUTES LATER DAN VICKERSON'S ROCKET SHIP IS ZOOMING WESTWARD...



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE TERRAN CITY MUSEUM.



THAT TIME CAPSULE IS FROM THE 20TH CENTURY - 1000 YEARS AGO! AND THIS PARTIAL RECORD STATES THAT A STRANGE "RESERVOIR OF THE FUTURE" EXISTS HERE, DEEP UNDERGROUND!

THE RESERVOIR OF THE FUTURE WAS BUILT BY A WISE MAN OF THE 20TH CENTURY WHO PROPHESIED DISASTER FOR THE HUMAN RACE. THE REST OF THE MANUSCRIPT HAS CRUMBLED, BUT I COULD MAKE OUT A FEW MORE LINES, EXPLAINING...

...THAT THIS RESERVOIR IS HIDDEN FAR BELOW THIS MUSEUM, ACCORDING TO THE DOCUMENT, IT IS THE GREATEST TREASURE ON EARTH! WE MUST FIND IT! IT MAY MEAN--

THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE WORLD! HOW VERY INTERESTING, SISTER!

WHY -- ! WHO ARE YOU? I'M SHEP RANKIN, BOSS OF THE INTER-SPACE CRIME SYNDICATE. THAT TREASURE YOU JUST SPOKE ABOUT SOUNDS MIGHTY INVITING. LEAD THE WAY! WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID YOU HOW! WE ONLY INTENDED TO SURVIVE THE WIPE OUT TERRAN CITY BUT THE GAS ATTACK? POISONOUS VAPORS GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND COVERED THE WHOLE EARTH. OF COURSE, ME AND MY BOYS WERE SAFE. WE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

WE HEARD ABOUT A SECRET CHAMBER UNDER THE MUSEUM. "THE GREATEST TREASURE ON EARTH!" THE GIRL SAYS. THAT'S WHAT WE FIGURED. NOW LEAD THE WAY, CHUMS!

I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE - IT WAS ALWAYS FORBIDDEN! KEEP WALKING! WE'LL FIND THAT HIDDEN ROOM IF WE HAVE TO TEAR THE WHOLE PLACE APART! ONCE WE FIND THE TREASURE, ME AND MY BOYS WILL GO TO MARS AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!

LOOK! A FENCE AND A SENTRY BOX! BY THE PLANETS - THAT MUST BE IT! THE SECRET ROOM SHOULD LIE JUST BEYOND!

BETTY AND DAN ARE FORCED TO LEAD THE WAY DOWN INTO THE VAST SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS BEHIND THE MUSEUM...

SEE THAT STEEL DOOR? WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND THE HIDDEN CHAMBER! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BETTY - WAIT! DON'T FOLLOW!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY'VE FORGOTTEN US COMPLETELY!

BEYOND THIS DOOR WE'LL FIND THE SECRET THAT HAS BEEN GUARDED SO CAREFULLY FOR CENTURIES!

STOP STALLIN', BOSS! TURN THE HANDLE AND LET'S GO IN!

SUDDENLY - AS THE GANGSTER LEADER OPENS THE DOOR!

BAROOM!

AAAAAGH!

OHH! WHAT WAS THAT!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT WHOLE END OF THE TUNNEL HAS BEEN BLOWN APART! LET'S GO BACK!

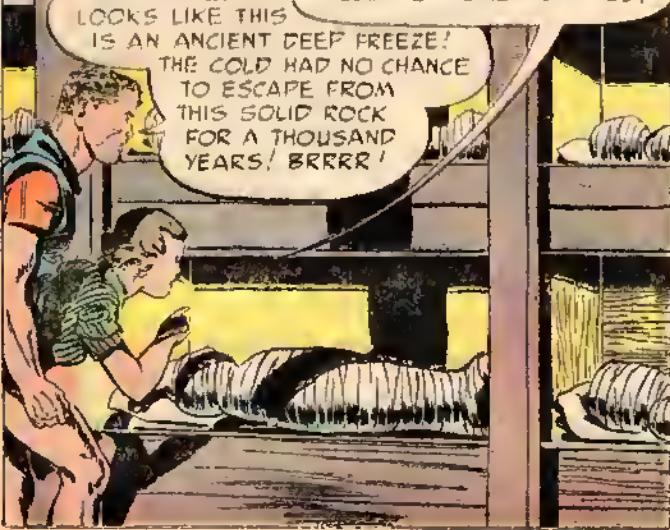


OH, DAN! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT NOW -- ONLY THE TWO OF US!



IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC! HUMAN FORMS PRESERVED LIKE MUMMIES!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AN ANCIENT DEEP FREEZE! THE COLD HAD NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS SOLID ROCK FOR A THOUSAND YEARS! BRRR!



OH! HOW HORRIBLE!

THE DOOR MUST HAVE BEEN BOOBY-TRAPPED! SHEP RANKIN AND HIS MEN WERE DESTROYED BY THEIR OWN GREED--BY THE VERY TREASURE THEY SOUGHT SO DESPERATELY!



AS DAN AND BETTY ENTER THE HIDDEN CHAMBER A FANTASTIC SIGHT GREETED THEIR WONDERING EYES...

AND THOSE FOOLS WHO DESTROYED THE EARTH THOUGHT THEY'D FIND GOLD AND DIAMONDS...

WHY, THESE ARE ALL YOUNG KIDS! BOYS AND GIRLS! BUT WHY DID THE ANCIENTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY HIDE THESE BODIES IN SUCH A PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION?



DAN GETS A STARTLING ANSWER!

UH... HELLO! I'M JOHNNY! GREAT PLANETS! HE'S ALIVE! THEN THEY'RE ALL IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!



WITH THE BOY'S HELP, DAN AND BETTY HASTILY REVIVE THE OTHERS AND HEAR THEIR AMAZING STORY...

... OH, THOSE WARS WERE TERRIBLE! BUILDINGS FALLING, PEOPLE GETTING KILLED. I WAS SO AFRAID. BUT THEN A NICE OLD MAN TOOK ME TO A DARK PLACE. THESE OTHER KIDS WERE THERE! THEN HE PUT US TO SLEEP. YOU WOKE US UP AND HERE WE ARE!



WHAT A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL TWIST OF FATE! THE ATOMIC WARS DID NOT END MANKIND AS THE SCIENTISTS FEARED, AND THE KIDS WERE FORGOTTEN HERE! BUT NOW THEY WILL SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM EXTINCTION AFTER ALL. LITTLE DID THAT SAGE KNOW HOW IMPORTANT HIS WORK WAS!



THE WORLD IS OURS! AND SOMEDAY THESE CHILDREN WILL GROW UP AND RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!

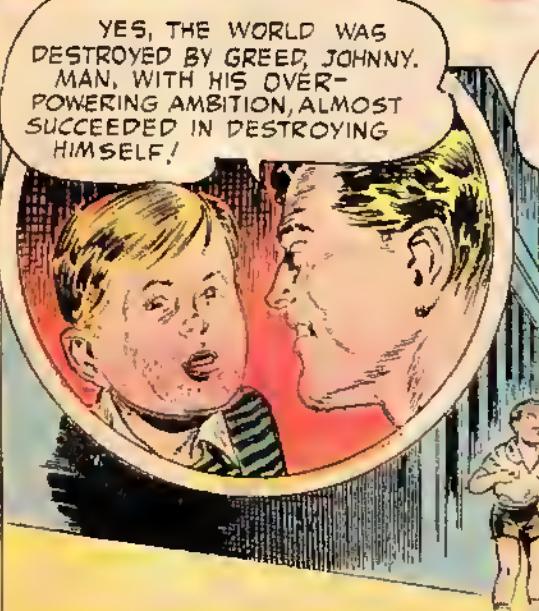


GEE! YOU MEAN EVERYBODY ELSE IS DEAD?

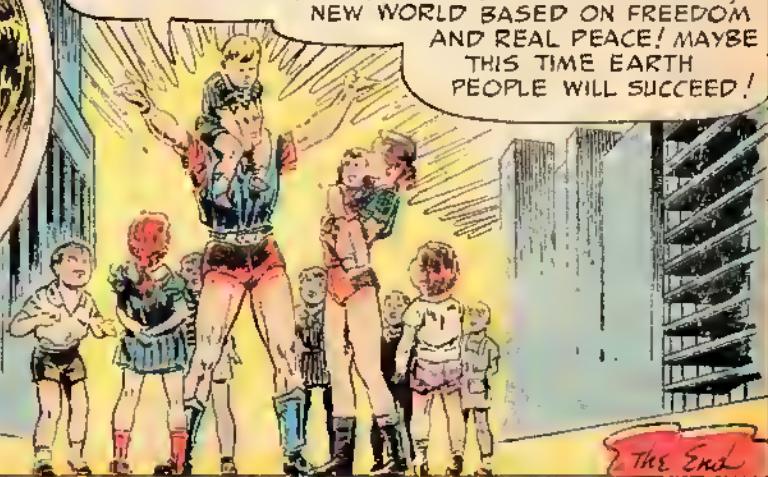
YES, JOHNNY! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY! FORTUNATELY DAN AND I ARE HERE AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU CHILDREN ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!

THE BAND OF YOUNGSTERS MARCH FORTH - THE NEW HOPE OF THE HUMAN RACE!

YES, THE WORLD WAS DESTROYED BY GREED, JOHNNY. MAN, WITH HIS OVERPOWERING AMBITION, ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING HIMSELF!



BUT THIS IS A NEW BEGINNING FOR ALL OF US, BETTY. THESE CHILDREN ARE DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE! AND, YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU AND ME, WE'LL DEVOTE OUR LIVES TO THEM! WE'LL WORK TO BUILD A CLEAN, NEW WORLD BASED ON FREEDOM AND REAL PEACE! MAYBE THIS TIME EARTH PEOPLE WILL SUCCEED!



THE END

DESTINY TAKES THE LONG ROAD!

"It's Willie Thompson," the guard said to Ward-
en Jeans.

Jeans braced himself. He knew Thompson, too well. A reckless, arrogant lifer, his one interest was in stirring up trouble. "What now?" the warden asked.

"Nothing serious! It's his birthday. He wants permission to buy extra cigarettes and snacks for the boys at his table!"

"His birthday—?" The warden stopped short. He hadn't told anyone that it was his own birthday, too; he hated the celebration and the fuss. But within him, he couldn't help feeling that the day was something special. Odd that Willie Thompson should feel it, too.

Jeans rose. "It's okay. I'll tell him myself. I've been meaning to talk to him!"

Thompson looked up from his cot but didn't move as the warden came in. The prisoner's hair was unkempt, his face unshaven. Only his eyes seemed alive, with a burning blaze of murder and hatred.

"Hello, warden!" he muttered insolently. "Sorry I can't get up. It's my leg. Always gets bad in wet weather."

"Hurt it?" Jeans asked. Having lived and used guns as casually as handkerchiefs, many of the convicts still suffered from old wounds.

"Yeah, but not the way you think! I broke it going downhill on a sled—when I was a kid!"

Willie's voice was flat and monotonous. Still his words made the warden quiver. For they made him remember another episode: an icy hill . . . children pulling their red-and-yellow sleds . . . and then, suddenly, a blinding stab of pain that had twisted and paralyzed his shoulder for months.

"Really?" the warden said at last. "Funny! I fell off a sled, too, when I was a kid! And by the way, I hear it's your birthday."

"Yeah! Thirty-nine! Ain't it a scream, keeping track, in this hole? Must be a habit. My mother started it!"

"She did?"

"You bet! I still remember the summer I was twelve! The old lady was pretty sick, and we were in the country! There weren't even any other kids! But came my birthday—"

"She got out of bed, and made you a party, anyway?"

Now it was Willie's turn to be surprised. "How'd

you know?"

But Jeans couldn't answer. He couldn't tell this killer that he, too, had been away on his twelfth birthday—it might have been the same day!—and that his mother, suffering from the illness that later took her life, had smiled her weak, brave smile, and insisted that only the party mattered.

"Mothers are like that! . . . Well, Thompson, about those cigarettes and things—it's all right! I'll send over a carton myself!"

He was glad to leave the cell. Somehow, the thought of Willie Thompson, born, perhaps, at the very same moment as he had been and leading a life so strangely similar to his own, made his skin crawl. But he couldn't forget, and an hour later, in spite of himself, he was rummaging through the files for the records on Willie Thompson.

He shouldn't have. For each word, each line, was one more link binding their destinies. Jeans could hardly believe his eyes, but, as though hypnotized, he read on. Measles . . . scarlet fever . . . nearsightedness . . . the parents dying young . . . the frequent short trips away from home . . . almost to the day . . . the time spent with grandparents, or at school.

Jeans slammed the cabinet shut. "It's nothing!" he told himself. "It doesn't mean a thing! Just a lot of coincidences!"

But he couldn't forget Thompson, or keep away from him. And the more they talked together, the more it seemed that their lives were incredible echoes of each other, as if they'd been planned by the same chart. Thompson might have been his twin brother!

Like that time they were talking about girls. It was visitors' day! and most of the men were excited and cheerful, encouraged by the small gifts from, and the kind words of, their sweethearts or wives.

"It makes a man wish he was married!" Willie burst out.

"Ever consider it?"

"Sure—" he paused. "Only she wouldn't have me! She was cute, too, a red-head—"

But Jeans wasn't listening. His mind raced back . . . back to Mary Gordon, and the day she'd said no! That's when he'd decided to take up criminology, to forget his own troubles in the troubles of others.

Willie was still talking. "That's when I pulled my first job . . . after we broke up. I was too upset

to work steady, and anyway, nothing mattered any more."

So that was how Fate had brought them on the opposite sides of the law! Just one wrong turn, and he, *Jeans*, might have been a second Thompson. And with it all, they'd ended up in the same place!

Jeans' brain was in a whirl as he left. He'd heard of such things, of powers that govern men, of destinies that can twist a life like a paper straw. But, he couldn't, he *wouldn't* believe it.

"It's just coincidence," he grumbled to himself. "Probably *all* the prisoners have been jilted—or fallen off sleds."

A week later, he stopped pretending. It was the morning he woke up with that throbbing pain over one eye—and his fingers too numb to hold a razor. When two aspirins didn't help, he managed to call the prison doctor.

He waited a long time for the doctor's voice. "Hello?"

"Hello! This is *Jeans*! Listen—"

"Can I call you back, warden? I've got a patient now—Willie Thompson!"

Jeans knew the doctor's next words before they came.

"It's a headache!" the voice was saying. "Migraine, a very rare sort. Splitting pain over one eye, and a numbness of the fingers! I've studied it in books, but this is the first case I've ever seen!"

Jeans couldn't control his shaking hand. There was only one hope—one must have caught it from the other.

"Is it contagious?" His voice faltered.

"Oh, no! And very rare—as I said!"

Jeans slammed down the receiver.

What did it mean? How had it happened? What escape was there? Why, WHY had destiny chained him to Willie Thompson? There was no use babbling "coincidence." The word had become empty as a broken shell. He had to face the facts—and the facts were that he and Thompson shared one life, as irrevocably as if they were one person. The thought pounded in his throbbing brain.

If only there were someone to whom he could talk! But . . . who? How could a mature, responsible man confess to a blind superstition that any fool would laugh at? No, the answer, if there were an answer, lay between himself and Willie Thompson.

But he never learned it. Three days later, armed with a pair of scissors picked up in the infirmary, Willie Thompson escaped.

Within minutes, a special meeting was called. *Jeans* sat at his desk; with him were the guards, two Washington detectives, and the lieutenant-governor.

"A deadly killer is loose!" the lieutenant-governor was saying, "and we *must* get him back."

Jeans nodded. And then a detective spoke. "Dead or alive!"

DEAD! The word crashed in *Jeans'* brain like the crack of a gun. *Not dead*, he wanted to scream! Because if Thompson died—his mind couldn't finish the thought.

But Thompson would not die. He, *Jeans*, would make sure of that. Slowly, he turned to the group. "I'd like to go after Thompson myself!"

And *Jeans* picked up the killer's trail. A second-hand clothes-dealer supplied the first tip: a waitress near the railroad yards, the second. And just before dawn, two days after Thompson had escaped, *Jeans* caught up with him . . . heading for the 5:18 fast freight.

Fortunately, he saw Thompson first. Crouching, he dashed across the yard to the train embankment, 100 feet away.

Then, with his revolver lifted, he turned upon Willie: "Stop!"

The convict only ran faster. The 5:18 was due in another minute.

"Stop, Thompson! You're throwing away your life. You haven't a chance!"

No answer.

"Thompson! I'll—shoot!"

But the fleeing man didn't even falter. In the distance, *Jeans* heard the roar of the 5:18. Slowly, he aimed the gun.

But his arm froze in mid-air. What if he *was* crazy, superstitious? It would be suicide to kill Thompson! He couldn't do it! He'd miss—claim it was an accident! . . .

Still it was no use. Warden *Jeans*, in pursuit of a killer who had to be stopped at all costs, couldn't hesitate now. Even if it meant one extra life.

Deliberately, gritting his teeth, he took aim and fired.

He caught one glimpse of Thompson, staggering and then crashing to the ground—

And then it happened. The recoil of *Jeans'* gun caught him off guard. He swerved, tried to balance—and toppled off the embankment. Too late for the 5:18 to stop.

The papers called *Jeans'* death a dreadful accident. Maybe it was. Or was it destiny . . . tying him to Willie Thompson in death, as it had in life.

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The CYCLE of TIME!

W-WE'RE DONE FOR! HE'LL RIP THIS THING APART LIKE AN EGG-SHELL!

TAMPERING WITH TIME IS A DANGEROUS THING... BUT WE STILL HAVE ONE CHANCE...

TO BE ABLE TO TRAVEL INTO THE PAST TO PILLAGE AND ROB WITH 20TH CENTURY WEAPONS SEEMED TO BE THE MOST FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM OF CRIME EVER DEVISED!

AND YET, FRED McCANN HAD OVERLOOKED ONE THING! TIME MOVES IN REGULAR WAVES, AND EVENTUALLY EVERY MAN MUST COMPLETE...

The Cycle of DEATH

THE AFTERNOON CALM OF THE MINNESOTA WOODS WAS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF FRED McCANN'S RACING MOTOR AND TOO-LOUD RADIO. SUDDENLY, McCANN FROWNED AND...

AND NOW, THE THREE O'CLOCK NEWS! FRED McCANN, CONVICTED GUNMAN, ESCAPED THIS MORNING FROM THE STATE PRISON. HE IS BELIEVED HEADING NORTH IN GREEN SEDAN. HE IS ARMED WITH...

BLAST THE LUCK! I'LL HAVE TO BE SUPER-CAREFUL!

TIME IS THE IMPORTANT THING NOW...HEY! THAT MAN STANDING IN THE ROAD! HE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE WAY FAST!

MURPHY ANDERSON

EVEN AT THE GREAT SPEED AT WHICH HE WAS GOING AND THE SUDDENNESS OF THE MAN'S APPEARANCE IN THE ROAD, McCANN MIGHT HAVE STOPPED, HAD NOT HIS REFLEXES BEEN FROZEN BY WHAT HE SAW!

THE FOOL! WHAT'S THE MATTER W... WH... WHY... N-HE... LOOKS LIKE ME! I'M GOING TO HIT HIM! I CAN'T STOP!

MY EYES MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN!

(GASP) IT'S CRAZY!... IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT MY OWN CORPSE!

BUT, SAY, IF HE LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ME FOR ME TO THINK SO, MAYBE HE'LL FOOL THE COPS INTO THINKING HE'S ME WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY!... AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SLIP OVER THE BORDER!

KILLING THIS GUY BY ACCIDENT MIGHT BE MY LUCKY BREAK! I'LL... HEY! WHAT'S THAT HOISE!

WHIRR

THE NOISE IS COMING FROM THAT STRANGE LOOKING MACHINE OVER THERE!.. HUH! MAYBE THIS GUY I RAN OVER WASN'T ALONE? WHAT IF SOMEBODY SAW ME RUN HIM DOWN?

HOLY SMOKE! I
MUST BE GOING
NUTS!

WHAT--! STOP
OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT YOUR WEAPON
AWAY, EARTHTMAN!
WE ARE FRIENDS!
WE CAME FROM
ALPHA CENTAURI!

FROM WHERE?
WHAT ARE YOU
MUGS TRYING
TO HAND ME?

WE KNOW IT IS HARD
FOR YOU TO BELIEVE,
BUT IT IS TRUE. WE ARE
SCIENTISTS FROM ALPHA
CENTAURI, A SOLAR
SYSTEM TRILLIONS OF LIGHT
YEARS AWAY FROM THE EARTH
AND THE SUN!

WHEN McCANN RECOVERED ENOUGH FROM THE SHOCK
OF THE STRANGE SERIES OF EVENTS TO THINK
CLEARLY, THE STORY TOLD BY THE CREATURES
FROM THE DISTANT WORLD BEGAN TO PENETRATE...

SEE HOW SIMPLE THIS
IS TO OPERATE! I JUST
SET THE DIALS TO THE
TIME OF THE EARLY DAYS
OF YOUR WORLD, FOR EXAMPLE...
ONE MILLION YEARS
AGO TODAY!

HEY! WHAT
THE---

WE CAME TO EARTH IN OUR NEW
TIME-SPACE MACHINE, A DEVICE
THAT SYNCHRONIZES ITSELF WITH
VIBRATIONS OF PAST AND
FUTURE EVENTS. BUT COME,
SINCE YOU ARE THE FIRST
EARTHTMAN WE HAVE MET,
WE WILL SHOW YOU!

OKAY, BUT
DON'T TRY
ANYTHING
FUNNY ON
ME! I'M
WARNING YOU!

BEFORE McCANN CAN STOP THE CENTAURIAN, THE
DIAL IS SET AND...

WHIRR RRRRR

OH-H-H... WHAT HAPPENED?

BEHOLD! YOU ARE NOW IN WHAT YOUR GEOLOGISTS CALL PREHISTORIC TIMES!

WOW! YOU ALPHA CENTAURIANS ARE ALL RIGHT! THAT CRATE OF YOURS REALLY WORKS!

OF COURSE, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE CAN DO ANYTHING!

LOOK! PURE GOLD! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! SAY, HELP ME GET SOME MORE AND WE'LL LOAD UP THE MACHINE!

OH, NO! WHEN WE BUILT THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE WE TOOK AN OATH NOT TO USE IT TO TAKE ANYTHING FROM EITHER PAST OR FUTURE AGES! WE ONLY OBSERVE! WE TAKE NOTHING!

OH YEAH? SUPPOSE I TAKE WHAT I WANT? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

YOU CANNOT THREATEN US, EARTHTMAN, YOU...

OH!!
EEEEE! LOOK!

WHAT IS THAT MONSTER?

I SAW A PICTURE OF ONE IN A MUSEUM ONCE! IT'S A TYRANNO-SAURUS, THE MOST MURDEROUS ANIMAL THAT EVER WALKED THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

AHHHRR! IT IS WATCHING US!

MAYBE I CAN KILL HIM!

BAM BAM

THE BULLETS J-JUST BOUNCE OFF IT! WE MUST RUN FOR IT! QUICKLY! BACK TO THE MACHINE!

HE'S AFTER US! RUN! RUN!

RRRRRRUUUURRRH!!



HELP! DON'T LET HIM GET ME!

WE WILL NOT LEAVE YOU! YOU ARE OUR FRIEND!

BUT HURRY!



HE'S GOT THE MACHINE IN HIS CLAWS! HE'LL RIP US APART!



HE'S GOING TO CRUSH US IN THOSE TEETH OF HIS!

WAIT, EARTHMAN! WE ARE NOT LOST AS LONG AS ONE OF US CAN STILL REACH THESE DIALS! WE MAY ESCAPE YET!

WHIRR



POOF!



WITH THE WHIRRING SOUND, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE FADED FROM THE AGE OF PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS AND REAPPEARED IN THE PRESENT! IT WAS HARD TO SAY WHO WAS THE MORE SURPRISED BY THIS MAGIC-LIKE FEAT OF SCIENCE - FRED McCANN OR THE TYRANNOSAURUS!

WHERE?... WHERE?...

FEAR NOT, EARTHMAN, WE ARE BACK WHERE WE STARTED. IF YOU DOUBT IT LOOK OUTSIDE. IN FACT WE ARE TEH MINUTES EARLIER THAN WHEN WE STARTED OUT!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S ONLY TEN MINUTES TO THREE. AND I DIDN'T GET HERE UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK! HAW! HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! IMAGINE! YOU CAN SURE DO TRICKS WITH THIS GADGET!



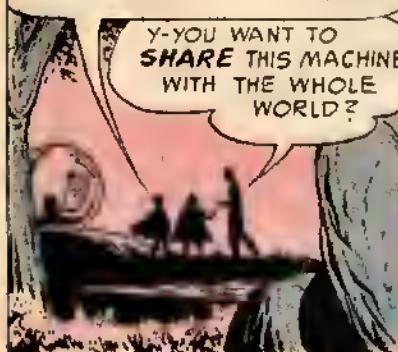
NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN OUR MACHINE, WILL YOU TAKE US TO YOUR GREAT EARTH SCIENTISTS SO WE CAN SHARE OUR INVENTION WITH THEM? THIS MACHINE IS SO REMARKABLE, IT SHOULD BELONG TO THE UNIVERSE!

Y-YOU WANT TO SHARE THIS MACHINE WITH THE WHOLE WORLD?

WHOEVER OWNS THIS MACHINE COULD BE THE RICHEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN OF ALL TIME! HE COULD TAKE WHAT HE WANTED AND IF ANYONE TRIED TO CHASE HIM, HE COULD PUT CENTURIES OF TIME BETWEEN HIM AND THEM! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THIS TIME-SPACE MACHINE FOR MYSELF!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EARTHMAN? I'M LOADING MY GUN!

WHY DO YOU DELAY? TAKE US TO YOUR SCIENTISTS!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING! WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS... FR-ARRRRRRR...

I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU!

THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE MUST BE MINE... AND MINE ALONE!



NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! HA, HA! OF ALL THE PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET TO RUN INTO, THESE ALPHA CENTAURIANS HAD TO MEET ME! ME!.. HA HA! WITH THIS MACHINE, THE RICHES OF THE UNIVERSE WILL BELONG TO FRED McCANN!



FIRST THING I'LL DO IS HIDE MY CAR AND THE BODY OF THAT GUY I BUMPED OFF IN THE ACCIDENT...

HEY, WHERE IS THAT CAR OF MINE? I PARKED IT RIGHT HERE.. AND THE DEAD MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ME, THE GUY I RAN OVER.. HE'S GONE TOO! WHAT'S THIS?



MCCANN BECAME SO ENGROSSED, HE DID NOT SEE THE GREEN SEDAN BEARING DOWN UPON HIM...

OH, I SEE NOW! MY CAR ISN'T GOHE! IT HASN'T GOT NERE YET! WHEN WE CAME BACK FROM OUR TRIP INTO THE PAST WE WERE 10 MINUTES EARLY. IT IS ONE MINUTE TO THREE NOW, AND I DIDN'T GET HERE UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK SHARP! HA! HA!

THE FOOL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER W-WH-WHY...

H-HE... LOOKS LIKE ME! I'M GOING TO HIT HIM! I CAN'T STOP!



TH-THE MAN... MY EYES MUST HAVE THAT DRIVER.. IS ME!

BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN!



(GASP) IT'S CRAZY!.. IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT MY OWN CORPSE!



FRED MCCANN WAS LOOKING AT HIS OWN CORPSE! IN FACT HE HAD JUST KILLED HIMSELF FOR THE SECOND TIME! HE HAD THOUGHT TO MASTER TIME... HE HAD TRIED TO COMPEL IT TO BECOME A WEAPON FOR HIS OWN SELFISH SCHEMES, BUT THE ONE THING HE DID NOT PLAN ON-- THE ONE THING HE DID NOT KNOW - WAS THAT IN TIME, EVERYONE MUST EVENTUALLY COMPLETE HIS... DEATH CYCLE!

The End

Breath-Taking Action As Dr. Tom Rogers Fights Crime In



Dr. Tom Rogers
Prison Psychologist

THE CRIME CLINIC

Read It!
See It
Happen!
No. 3
Now On
Sale!

THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME
HERE, DOC, BUT THEY
WON'T GET ME! LET ME
AT 'EM! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

LISTEN TO ME,
LARRY! THE
THINGS YOU
SEE DON'T
EVEN EXIST!

What closely-guarded secret
of his past made Larry Baker
go berserk on his parole day?
Where does his fiancee, Ellen
Courtney, fit into the confusing
puzzle? How can DR. TOM
ROGERS meet this startling
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IT WAS A STRANGE TINY SHOP, THE KIND OF PLACE YOU WOULD PASS A THOUSAND TIMES AND NEVER NOTICE. YET, ONCE ITS THRESHOLD WAS CROSSED, IT WAS LIKE ENTERING A DIFFERENT WORLD. DO YOU DARE TO COME WITH US TO HEAR AND SEE THE CHILLING STORY BEHIND THE...

MURDERER'S MASK



LATE ONE EVENING IN
THE MANSION OF OLD
JEREMIAH BLANSHARD...

I'VE PAMPERED
YOU TOO MUCH
AS IT IS,
DONALD - BUT
THIS IS THE
END! I REFUSE
TO PAY ANOTHER
PENNY FOR YOUR
GAMBLING DEBTS.
DO YOU HEAR?
NOT ONE
PENNY!

BUT
IT'S
ONLY
FIVE
HUNDRED
DOLLARS,
UNCLE!

ONLY FIVE
HUNDRED, YOU SAY?
WHY, YOU YOUNG
SCAMP, I'LL --

MY HEART!
D-DON'T
JUST STAND
THERE! CALL
THE BUTLER!
ANYONE --
HURRY!

OF COURSE!
ANYTHING
FOR MY
FAVORITE
UNCLE!

AFTER THE BUTLER
ARRIVES.

BEGGING YOUR
PARDON, SIR!
BUT THE DOCTOR
LEFT STRICT
ORDERS THAT
MR. BLANSHARD
WAS TO HAVE
COMPLETE REST--
ESPECIALLY AFTER
ONE OF HIS
SEIZURES. I'LL
LOOK
AFTER
HIM!

I'M
SURE
YOU
WILL,
PETERS!
NOTHING
MUST
HAPPEN
TO
UNCLE!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AS THE BROODING YOUNG MAN WALKS THE DESERTED STREETS, AN UGLY PLAN BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF HURRYING THINGS ALONG. UNCLE JEREMIAH HAS A BAD HEART, BUT WITH THE CARE HE GETS HE COULD LIVE FOR TEN YEARS BEFORE I GET TO INHERIT HIS FORTUNE!

THERE ARE PLENTY OF WAYS, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL... IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME-- WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!

ONE OF THESE MASKS WOULD DO IT ALL RIGHT. ALL UNCLE JEREMIAH NEEDS IS ONE GOOD SCARE--AND IT WOULD BE HIS LAST! IT'LL LOOK LIKE JUST ORDINARY HEART FAILURE!

WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, DONALD ENTERS THE SHOP...

IT'S FUNNY THAT I NEVER NOTICED YOUR PLACE BEFORE. BUT YOUR MASKS ARE THE BEST I'VE SEEN!

IT'S ONLY A SMALL SHOP, SIR, AND EASILY PASSED BY! HOWEVER, IF IT'S A MASK YOU WANT, YOU'LL FIND IT HERE.

NOW HERE'S ONE I'M ESPECIALLY FOND OF. IN ITS OWN QUIET WAY IT'S A SHOCKER. YOU MIGHT SPRING IT ON AN OLD FRIEND SOME EVENING--PROVIDING THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS HEART, OF COURSE!

YEAH, THAT WOULD BE FUN... I'LL TAKE IT!

GOOD NIGHT, SIR, AND I DO HOPE MY LITTLE MASK BRINGS YOU A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE!

I THINK IT WILL!

HURRYING BACK TO HIS UNCLE'S MANSION, DONALD SLIPS THE MASK OVER HIS FACE AND THEN MAKES A CAUTIOUS ENTRY...

ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS TO GO! IN ANOTHER MINUTE...

IS THAT YOU, DONALD?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
DONALD - WHY DON'T
YOU ANSWER ME?

A-A-AAAAAGH!

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
BUT THAT SCREAM IS
BRINGING THE SERVANTS.
I MUSTN'T LET THEM
FIND ME WITH THIS
MASK ON.

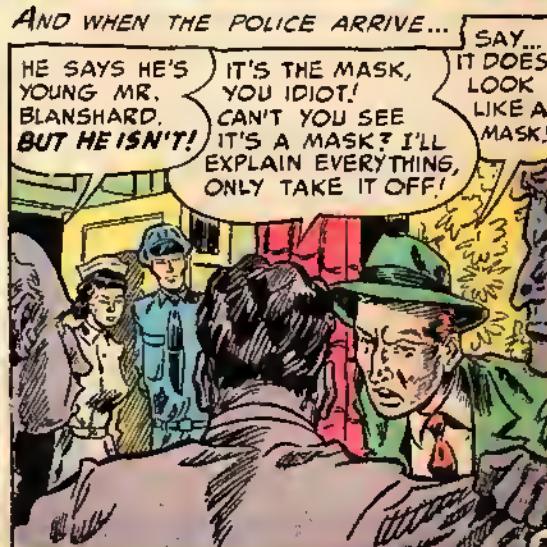


I CAN'T GET IT OFF!
IT'S STUCK TO
MY FACE!



MR. BLANSHARD!
HE'S DEAD!

THAT MAN
KILLED HIM!
GRAB HIM!



QUICKLY, THE DETECTIVE RIPS THE MASK FREE, BUT...

LOOK! HIS FACE!
IT'S EXACTLY LIKE
THE MASK!

NO! YOU'RE LYING! I'M
DONALD BLANSHARD!
YOU'RE TRYING TO
TRICK ME!

WHAT DO YOU
SAY NOW?

I... IT CAN'T BE! I'M
DONALD BLANSHARD!
I SWEAR IT!

QUIT STALLING, WISE GUY! YOU
BROKE IN HERE AND SCARED
THE OLD MAN
TO DEATH!

YOU'VE GOT TO
LISTEN! YOU'VE
GOT TO
HELP ME!

STRUGGLING AND PROTESTING, DONALD IS
DRAGGED FROM THE HOUSE...

DO YOU
SEE ANY
OLD GUY
WITH WHITE
HAIR,
MARTIN?

NO,
SIR!
HE'S
DISAPPEARED!
HE DID IT ON
PURPOSE!

YOU'VE GOT TO FIND
HIM! HE CAN GIVE
ME BACK MY FACE!
PROMISE ME
YOU'LL LOOK
FOR HIM!

OKAY, YOU
GO ALONG
WITH THE
OFFICER AND
BEHAVE
YOURSELF!

AND AS THE PATROL CAR
TAKES DONALD AWAY...

ARE YOU REALLY
GOING TO LOOK
FOR THAT OLD
MAN HE CLAIMS
WAS IN THE
CROWD?
OF COURSE
NOT, THAT
GUY WHO
SAYS HE'S
BLANSHARD
IS OFF HIS
ROCKER! I'M
GOING
HOME TO
BED!

The End.

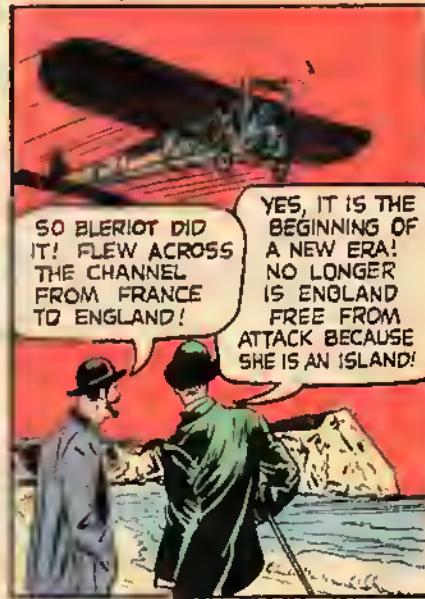
HEADED FOR THE STARS

LESS THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO, ON A BLEAK NORTH CAROLINA BEACH, TWO BROTHERS ACCOMPLISHED A FEAT MEN HAD DREAMED OF FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...



YES, THAT WAS ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT'S TEST OF THEIR FLYING MACHINE AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, ON DEC. 17, 1903 — THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR CRAFT IN HISTORY!

ON JULY 25, 1909, BLERIOT, A FRENCHMAN, PILOTED HIS TINY MONOPLANE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



SO BLERIOT DID IT! FLEW ACROSS THE CHANNEL FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND!

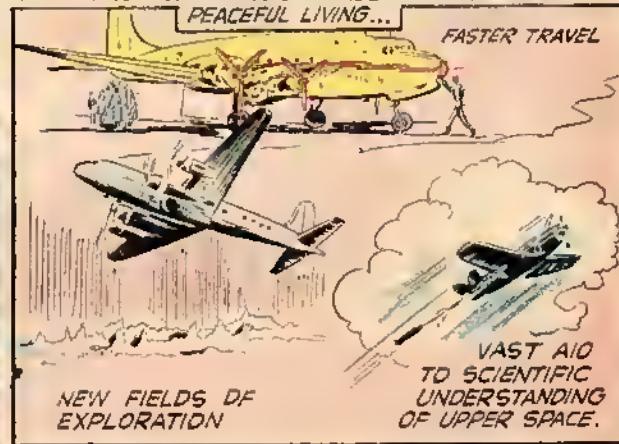
YES, IT IS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA! NO LONGER IS ENGLAND FREE FROM ATTACK BECAUSE SHE IS AN ISLAND!

THE FEARS OF ENGLISH MEN WERE TO BE REALIZED DURING THE TERRIBLE NAZI BLITZES OF WORLD WAR II



IT'S HORRIBLE! THE AIRPLANE WAS INVENTED LESS THAN FORTY YEARS AGO — AND ALREADY IT'S THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON MAN EVER INVENTED!

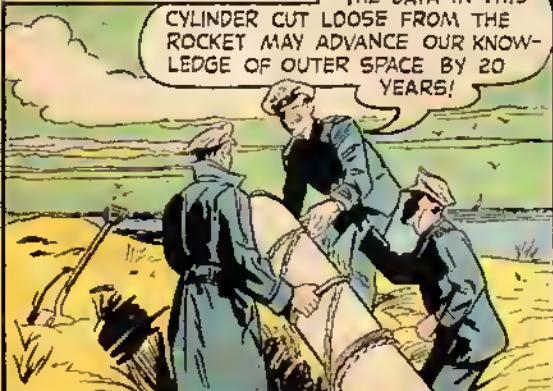
WHILE PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD DESPARED BECAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY AIRCRAFT, THE FLYING MACHINE ALSO MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO PEACEFUL LIVING...



TODAY, WITH ROCKET AND JET-PROPULSION WELL ADVANCED, SCIENCE IS CONSTANTLY LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE EXTREMES OF UPPER SPACES, THROUGH INSTRUMENTS CARRIED BY THE ROCKETS THEMSELVES...

THE DATA IN THIS

CYLINDER CUT LOOSE FROM THE ROCKET MAY ADVANCE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF OUTER SPACE BY 20 YEARS!



IN LESS THAN A HALF-CENTURY, PLANE SPEEDS HAVE INCREASED FROM 40 MILES PER HOUR TO AS HIGH AS 1200! IF THE SAME RATIO CAN BE MAINTAINED IN THE NEXT 50 YEARS, THE MYSTERIES OF INTER-PLANETARY REGIONS MAY BE SOLVED AND MEN MAY LAND ON MARS AND VENUS!



HMM, GET OUT THE CHARTS, GEORGE! WHAT PLANET IS THIS?

I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT IT WAS MARS, BUT MAYBE WE MADE A WRONG TURN!

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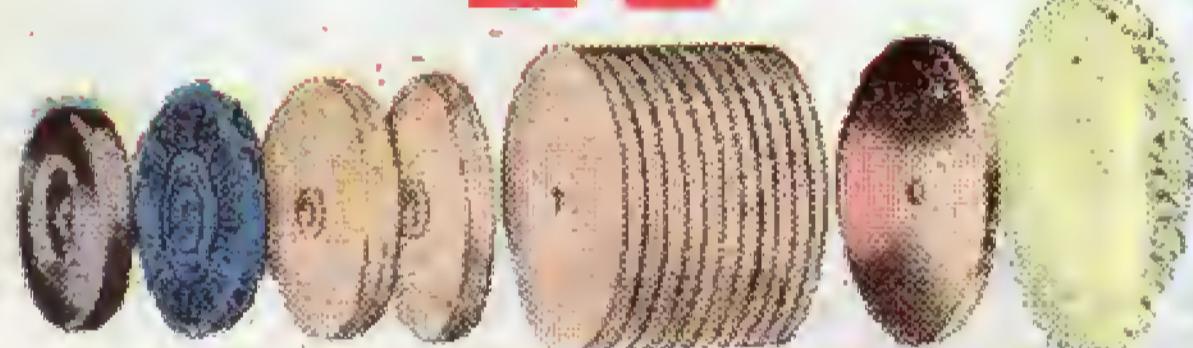
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1	2	3	4	5
4	12	16	22	32 mm

SIZE IN MILLIMETERS

1/2" DIAMETER

1/4" DIAMETER

1/8" DIAMETER

1/16" DIAMETER

1/32" DIAMETER

1/64" DIAMETER

1/128" DIAMETER

1/256" DIAMETER

1/512" DIAMETER

1/1024" DIAMETER

1/2048" DIAMETER

1/4096" DIAMETER

1/8192" DIAMETER

1/16384" DIAMETER

1/32768" DIAMETER

1/65536" DIAMETER

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1/1048576" DIAMETER

1/2097152" DIAMETER

1/4194304" DIAMETER

1/8388608" DIAMETER

1/16777216" DIAMETER

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1/67108864" DIAMETER

1/134217728" DIAMETER

1/268435456" DIAMETER

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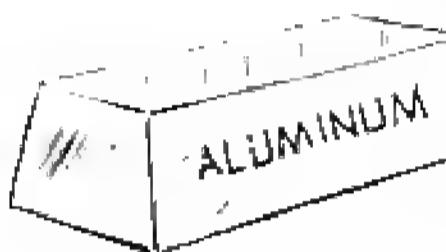
METALS FOR THE FUTURE

SPACE TRAVEL WILL REQUIRE LIGHT, TREMENDOUSLY STRONG METALS. BUT SCIENCE HAS SUCH MATERIALS IN AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY.

ORDINARY CLAY

CLAY AND SALT WATER CONTAIN THE RAW MATERIALS FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHT METALS THE FUTURE DEMANDS.

YES, FROM COMMON CLAY AND SEA WATER ALUMINUM AND MAGNESIUM, THE LIGHTEST, STRONGEST METALS IN EXISTENCE CAN BE EXTRACTED.



SALT WATER

THE CHART SHOWS THAT ALUMINUM WEIGHS ONLY ONE-THIRD AS MUCH AS IRON, AND MAGNESIUM WEIGHS ONLY TWO-THIRDS AS MUCH AS ALUMINUM.

DURALUMIN AN ALLOY OF ALUMINUM, COPPER AND MAGNESIUM, IS AS STRONG AS STEEL, BUT WEIGHS ONLY A THIRD AS MUCH.

DO YOU REALIZE THE DURALUMIN FLOORING ON THIS BRIDGE MEANS THE WHOLE FRAMING AND SUPPORTS CAN BE BUILT MUCH LIGHTER?

NOT ONLY THAT, DURALUMIN DOESN'T RUST AWAY, OR NEED A PAINT JOB!

THIS REMARKABLE AS DURALUMIN IS, A NEW ALLOY, CALLED 755 IS EVEN BETTER.

USING THIS 755 IN THE UPPER WING SPARS REDUCES A B-29'S WEIGHT 400 POUNDS!

YES, WEIGHS LESS AND IS STRONGER!

METALS LIKE THESE WILL SOLVE MANY OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE FAST ADVANCING SPACE AGE! HUGE INTER-PLANETARY ROCKETS MUST BE LIGHT AND OF GREAT STRENGTH.

BESIDES GREAT STRENGTH AND LIGHTNESS, ALLOYS SUCH AS 755 CAN WITHSTAND THE RAPID TEMPERATURE CHANGES ENCOUNTERED IN FLIGHTS TO OUTER SPACE.

WOW! THAT NEW XBZ SPECIAL REALLY TAKES OFF!

YEAH, IT'LL BUILD UP TO BETTER THAN FIFTY THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR!

SWITCH ON THE AIR-CONDITIONING! WE'RE THROUGH THE COLD ZONE! IT'LL SOON BE 200° HOTTER!

PERHAPS THESE METALS WILL ENABLE MAN TO REACH OTHER PLANETS, AND TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF AS YET UNDISCOVERED AND EVEN STRONGER AND LIGHTER MATERIALS.

